

The Musical World.

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VOL. 34.—No. 24.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1856.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.—It is respectfully announced that a Grand Extra Night will take place on Thursday next, June 19th, when will be performed a FAVOURITE OPERA, with various entertainments in the Ballet Department, by Madlle. Marie Taglioni, Meadles, Bochetti, Rosa, Katrina, Clara, Lisereux, Pierron, Madame Bellon, M. Vandria, and M. Charles.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GREAT FOUNTAINS.
The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company beg to announce that Wednesday, the 18th of June, has been fixed for the opening of the GREAT FOUNTAINS. On this day will take place the first public display of the whole system of Waterworks, comprising (in addition to the Fountains already in action) the Water Temple, the Cascades, the two large Waterfalls, and the Fountains of the Grand Lower Basins. On this occasion admission will be limited to holders of one guinea (pink) and two guineas (yellow) season tickets, and to persons paying half-a-guinea. Transferable tickets (blue) will not be available on this day. See the date specified on the face of these tickets. The doors of the Palace and Park will be opened at twelve. Military Bands will be in attendance, in addition to the band of the Company.
By Order,
G. GROVE, SECRETARY.

Crystal Palace, June 8, 1856.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—OPENING OF THE GREAT FOUNTAINS IN PRESENCE OF HER MAJESTY. The doors of the Palace and Park will open at Twelve. The display will take place between Five and Six.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Performances on the Prize Organ of the Paris Exposition of 1855, erected in the South Transept by Messrs. Bevington and Sons, will take place as under:—Mr. HALLETT SHEPPARD, on Monday, June 16th, at Three and Half-past Five; and on Wednesday, June 18th, at One and Half-past Six. Mr. WILLING (Organist of the Foundling Chapel), on Wednesday, June 18th, at Three; and on Thursday, June 19th, and Saturday, June 21st, at Half-past Five.
G. GROVE, Secretary.

W. H. HOLMES' PIANOFORTE CONCERT.—July 2nd (Wednesday).—Hanover Square Rooms.—At two o'clock.—Solos by Mad. Clara Schumann, Miss Arabella Goddard, Professor Sterndale Bennett, and most of the eminent pianists. Tickets (reserved) 6s., Non-subscribers, of W. H. Holmes (only), 28, Beaumont-street, Marylebone.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ begs to announce that the first Pianoforte Recital of the second series will take place at his residence, 47, Bryanston-square, on Thursday, June 19th. To commence at three o'clock. Programme.—Sonata, E flat, op. 29, No. 8, Beethoven; Prelude and Minuet I. and II., Gavotte, Musette and Gigue, in F, S. Bach; Sonata in D, op. 69, No. 3, Dussek; Grand Sonata in G, op. 53, Beethoven; Nuits blanches, Heller; Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Mendelssohn; Nocturne and Studies, Chopin. Subscription Tickets, for the series of three Recitals, One Guinea each; and Single Tickets 10s. 6d. each, to be had at Mr. Hallé's residence, and at Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that his Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday Morning, June 19th. Vocalists.—Madame Viardot Garcia, Madlle. Emilie Krall, Madlle. Beyer Zerr, and Herr Reichardt. Instrumentalists.—Herr Ernst, Mr. Webb, Herr Hausmann, Mr. Lazarus, and Mr. Aguilar. Conductor.—Herr Kuhe. Among other pieces will be performed Mr. Aguilar's new Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Tickets 10s. 6d. and 7s.; to be had of all the principal Music Publishers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent's-park.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, King-street, St. James's-square.—Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Professor of the Harp at the Royal Academy of Music, and Member of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome), has the honour to announce that he will give a MORNING CONCERT at the above rooms, on Saturday, the 21st of June, 1856; to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists: Madlle. Emilie Krall (of the Royal Opera at Dresden), Miss Laessle, Mrs. Arthur Stone, and Madame Seivers; Mr. Jules Lefort, Signor Monari, Mr. Frederick von der Osten (from Berlin), and Signor Inadler (Director of the Conservatoire at Madrid), who will sing some national Spanish melodies. Instrumentalists: Harmonicorde, Madame Seivers; Violin, Signor Sighiselli; Piano, Sig. Andreoli and Mr. Charles Salamon; Harp, Mr. John Thomas, who will perform, amongst other works, some of his native Welsh melodies. Conductors: Mr. Charles Salamon, Signor Campana, and Signor Fiori. Reserved Seats, Fifteen Shillings, to be had only of Mr. John Thomas, 68, Great Portland-street, Portland-place, where a plan of the room may be seen; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea, to be had of all the principal music-sellers.

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OLD CHORISTER'S GATHERING.—The first anniversary meeting will be held on Tuesday, the 1st of July.

E. J. HOPKINS, Secretary.

MR. and MRS. ALFRED GILBERT beg to announce their Second Performance of Chamber Music, at Willis's Rooms, on Monday evening, June 16th. Vocalists: Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Miss Cole, and Signor Algarra. Instrumentalists: Violin, Mr. Clementi; Flute, Mr. Wells; Pianoforte, Mr. Alfred Gilbert; Accompanist, Mr. Parry Cole. Tickets to be had of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

MADLLE. LOUISE CHRISTINE'S MATINÉE
MUSICALE will take place on Saturday, June 23rd, 1856, at her residence, No. 3, Eaton-square, under distinguished patronage. Tickets, One Guinea each, to be obtained of Julien and Co., 214, Regent-street.

MISS EMMA BUSBY'S MATINEE MUSICALE.
Friday, June 20th, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street. Vocalist.—Madame Viardot Garcia; Instrumentalists.—Madame Clara Schumann, Miss Emma Busby, Herr Mollue, Signor Piatti; Accompanist, Mr. Rea. Tickets, half-a-guinea, of Messrs. Cramer and Beale, and the principal music-sellers, or of Miss Busby, 30, Upper Gloucester-place, Dorset-square.

MR. RICHARD BLAGROVE'S Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday morning next, June 16th, at half-past two o'clock, when he will be assisted by the following artists:—Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Sherrington, Miss Dolby, Sig. Marra, Sig. Giulio Regondi, Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. H. Hill, Mr. C. Blagrove, M. Hamell, and Sig. Piatti. Tickets, 7s., to be had of the principal music-sellers; stalls, 10s. 6d., to be had only of Mr. Richard Blagrove, 71, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, where a plan of the room may be seen.

MISS ELLEN DAY begs to announce her Matinée Musicale for Saturday, June 21st, at 76, Harley-street. Under distinguished patronage. Artists.—Mad. Amadei (by kind permission of B. Lumley, Esq.) MM. Reichardt, Giulio Regondi, Oberthur, Hausmann, Vogel, and John Day. Mr. Balfe, on this occasion, will himself accompany his new songs from Longfellow's works, "The Roser and the Flowers," sung by Mad. Amadei, and "Good night, Beloved," sung by Herr Reichardt. To commence at three o'clock. Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had of Cramer and Beale, Regent-street; of Boosey and Sons, Holles-street; and of Miss Day, 96, Cambridge-street, Eccleston-square.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.
Under the immediate patronage of His Excellency The Belgian Ambassador and Madame Van de Weyer.—MISS SHERRINGTON has the honour to announce that she will give a SOIRÉE MUSICALE at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Thursday, June 19th, 1856.—To commence at eight o'clock precisely.—Vocalists: Miss Sherrington, Miss Dolby, Mr. Stun Reeves. Pianoforte, M. Lommens (Professeur au Conservatoire Royal de Bruxelles), his first appearance in this country and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Numbered stalls, 18s. each; Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be obtained of Miss Sherrington, 93, Great Marlborough-street; and at the principal Music Warehouses.

MADemoiselle CAROLINE VALENTIN has the honour to announce that she will give a MATINEE MUSICALE at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Wednesday, June 18th. Vocalists.—Madlle. Emilie Krall (from the Royal Opera at Dresden), Madlle. Seiltsack, Miss Correll, M. Jules Lefort, and Signor Pissal. Instrumentalists.—Violins, M. Salaton and M. Kettens; violoncello, M. Pasque; harp, Mr. Boleyn Reeves; piano, Herr Robert Goldbeck, and Madlle. Caroline Valentin; conductors, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, and Herr Lehmeier. Tickets 10s. 6d.; reserved seats 15s.; may be had of Madlle. Valentin, 6, Duke-street, Manchester-square, and of Messrs. Wesel and Co., 229, Regent-street.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

MADLLE. D'HERBIL, the Infant Pianist, aged Seven Years and a half, who had the honour of appearing before Her Majesty, at Windsor Castle, on the 10th of June, begs to announce that her Grand Morning Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday, the 20th of June, when she will be assisted by Mesdames Viardot Garcia; Gassier, and Bernardi, and Mr. Benedict. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had at the principal Music Warehouses, and at Madlle. d'Herbil's, 16, Fitzroy-square, Fitzroy-square. N.B.—Madlle. d'Herbil will play the "Carnaval of Venice," which she played before Her Majesty, also a Duet, for four hands, with Mr. Benedict.

MADAME LUCCI SIEVERS has returned to London after an absence of two years, having obtained great success in Paris in her various musical attributes, both as a professor of singing and a composer, &c., &c. She created quite a furore on the newly invented instrument, the Harmonicorde, by Debain. Madame Sievers intends giving a Morning Concert in London in the early part of July next.

MR. WINN begs to inform his friends and pupils that he has removed to 35, Argyle-street, Argyle-square, where all communications may be addressed.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON, the Portuguese pianist, begs to announce that he has arrived in town for the season, and will be most happy to accept engagements for concerts and parties. Address, 30, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street, where may be had the whole of Mad. Pratten's publications for the Guitar, consisting of 50 Songs, at 1s. 6d. each, and 30 *Diastemmes* at 2s. 6d. each. Catalogues may be had on application.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The Fifteenth Quarter's General Meeting will be held at Exeter Hall, on Thursday the 29th of June, at 3 o'clock.—Viscount Ranelagh in the Chair.—The Thirty-fifth Public drawing for rights of choice on the Society's Estates will take place on this occasion, when one hundred share numbers will be drawn, and fifty share numbers added to the seniority list, by date of membership.

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNENIS, Secretary.

MESSRS. WESSEL and CO. beg to acquaint the Profession and the Trade, that they will OPEN their new and spacious Premises for Business on Monday the 10th instant.—18, HANOVER-SQUARE.

TO PROFESSORS OF MUSIC.—TO LET, the Private Part of No. 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, being a new and splendidly-built House, with stone stairs, plate-glass windows, and oak frames and mouldings, and furnished throughout in the very best style, situate in the best part of Holles-street, with a view of two Squares, and within a few yards of Regent-street and Oxford-street. The Ground-floor is occupied by Boosey and Sons' Music Warehouse. Application to be made at the premises.

PIANOFORTES.—Allison and Allison have the best description, in rosewood, from 26 guineas.—75, Dean-street, Soho.

THE VIOLIN.—For Sale, a genuine **AMATI**, the property of an Amateur, with a very choice bow, by the celebrated **TOURTE**. This instrument, and bow are going ready to be met with. To be seen at Boosey and Sons, 23, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

HOPKINSON'S PIANOFORTES.—By Royal Letters Patent.—These Instruments obtained **FIRST CLASS PRIZE MEDALS** at the Universal Exhibitions of London in 1851, and Paris in 1855. An entirely new stock now ready for selection. None can surpass them, and the prices are moderate. Lists and drawings free. Warerooms, 235, Regent Street, and 18, Soho Square, London.

THE PATENT DUET CONCERTINA.—£1 11s. 6d. to £2 2s., with mahogany box. This fashionable instrument consists of two distinct parts, each having certain unison notes, enabling a single performer (without difficulty) to play duets or melodies with an insulated tenor accompaniment. With beautiful tone, it is admirably suited to the voice, and combines results hitherto unobtainable. Tutor and seven books of airs, each 2s. Inventors, Wheatstone and Co., Patenteses of the Concertinas as used by the most celebrated performers at the public concerts, 20, Conduit-street, Regent-street, London.

PIANOFORTES.—**OETZMANN and PLUMB** beg to inform Music-sellers and Professors that in consequence of their having made great improvements in the manufacture of their instruments, substituting machinery for manual labour, and taking advantage of the new Patent Steam Drying processes, are enabled to offer to the Trade superior Pianofortes in Grand, Semi-Grand, and Cottage, in all variety of woods and designs, at considerably reduced prices. Illustrated Lists sent on application, or a visit to their Manufactory will prove the great advantage secured. 6, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. Manufactory, Chancery-street, Tottenham-court-road. Alexander and Co.'s Harmoniums at trade prices.

THE IMPROVED PATENT HARMONIUM.—**GEO. LUFF and SON**, Inventors of the Sourdine and Celeste Stops, have added another improvement to their Harmoniums, the Patent Gen-u-lisers, or knee-stop, which enables the player to produce the full power of the instrument without lifting the fingers from the keys. The improvement can be applied to Harmoniums already sold. To prove the superiority of their Harmoniums they keep them in order five years, free of charge. Being pianoforte makers, they exchange harmoniums for pianofortes, and pianofortes for harmoniums, both of which can be previously hired, with choice of purchase, at the lowest price for a first-class instrument. Sole agents for Debain's new instrument, the Harmonicorde.—Geo. Luff and Son 108, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

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BY
T. W. NAUMANN.

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"A charming arrangement of one of the most pleasing Scottish Melodies."—*Court Circular*.

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"The chanson, especially a morpau in E flat, which bears the romantic title of Haydée, is elegant and attractive throughout, and the episode in the subdominant key (page 3) will remind the hearer, pleasantly, of some of the smaller efforts of Adolph Henselt."

VIOLANTE MAZURKA, brillante 3s. 6d.

"This piece of music is entitled to especial praise for its incessant vivacity. It is a Mazurka, and, in the Salon de Danse, will speedily become a great favourite."—*Court Circular*.

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3. **HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?** .. 2 6

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RED, WHITE, AND BLUE, the best arrangement of this popular National Air 2s. 6d.

"The fantasia on the popular song, 'Red, White, and Blue' (No. 3), a song which deserves to be called 'National,' since it has true English character about it, consists of an introduction, the air (better harmonised than the original) a brilliant variation, and an effective coda."—*Musical World*.

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LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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The vocal music and arrangements for the pianoforte by W. H. Callcott. Also,

VERDI'S OPERA—IL TROVATORE.

The vocal music and various arrangements for the pianoforte solos and duets,

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

The Holy Family (*L'Enfance du Christ*), a sacred Trilogy, composed by s. d. Hector Berlioz. The English version imitated from the French by H. F. Chorley 12 0

E. SILAS.

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MISS P. HORTON'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The Songs, Romances, and Ballads, sung by Mrs. Reed (late Miss P. Horton)

in her "Popular Illustrations."

Under a hedge—written by Haynes Bayley, arranged by T. German Reed.

The fairest of the fair—composed by T. German Reed.

Oh! he loved me dearly—composed by T. German Reed.

The soldier boy—written by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Use chanson Bretonne (The Breton maid's song)—T. German Reed.

Oh, gaily this life (Brindisi from *La Traviata*)—Verdi.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.

Hagar (sacred song)—by René Favarger.

O, gentle day (romance)—by René Favarger.

I love the lilies (chansonnette)—by Fran. Mori.

Good morrow (ballad)—by Frank Mori.

While my lady sleepeth (song)—by G. Lanley.

By the rivulet side (song)—by M. W. Balfe.

Three part songs (for female voices)—by Jules Benedict.

CRAMER, BEALE, & Co., 201, REGENT STREET, LONDON; and, 167, NORTH STREET, BRIGHTON.

ON THE RELATIONSHIP OF MUSIC TO THE OTHER FINE ARTS.

WHEN some particular beauty, excellence, or charm, is marked by one with faculties adapted for the full perception of that peculiar merit, the observer is generally impelled to express in some manner by sound, sign, gesture or language, his inward satisfaction and admiration; for each one of the varied and multitudinous internal emotions, that agitate humanity, has its outward and visible indication. Joy has its smile, grief has its cry, and want has its moan.

Now in the proportion that whatever influences the feelings appeals to our more sensual and physical nature, and leaves unaffected our moral system, so will the expression of our emotions be mostly effected by our common natural faculties, or by our rarer moral and intellectual ones.

Thus when certain feelings of pleasure are produced by influences that appeal to our grosser senses, as the influence of wine, riches, or of any species of animal gratification, the expression of those feelings is mostly effected by the faculties of common sense—as by laughter, dancing, mirthful converse, or by a general tone of personal complacency in the bearing; whereas, when emotions of happiness are aroused by influences appealing to the more elevated faculties, such as the influence of science on the mind or of affection on the heart, the outward indication of such emotions is by the intelligent remark, or by the tender expression. And as in the order of nature, the common senses and natural instincts of humanity are definite and regular in their action, either for impression or for indication, in a greater number of cases than the more spiritual and intellectual ones, so, that which affects these latter faculties must necessarily, amidst the mass of mankind, be less often perceived, and more rarely expressed, than that which influences the former.

Thus, the sorrow of want, or the joy of plenty, is felt and indicated in the life of nearly all beneath the sun; whereas the grief of disappointed study, or the joy of moral progress, is perceived and expressed in fewer instances.

Again, the pleasure of the refreshing breeze, of the genial sun, or of the fair prospect, appealing to the physical senses, is felt and indicated by all who come in contact with such influences, whereas their moral beauties—viz.: their perfect and harmonious action as works of the Creator, their order, relationship, and consistency—and their intellectual beauties—viz.: their wise and wondrous construction, their causes, and their functions—involving to action the more spiritual senses, are less often duly appreciated.

And the more elevated the nature of the outward influence, the deeper and more elevated is the inward feeling it creates and the expression it impels; but as the term expression implies, to some extent, the instrumentality of physical faculty, it will be perceived that these more elevated emotions (demanding commensurate expression) must undergo greater transformation in being rendered apparent to the external senses of others, and will, therefore, be less easily indicated than those of a lower character. This is why, amongst those who can perceive and consequently adore the charm of form, of contrivance, or of moral worth, that abounds above, below, and around, in such magnitude and multiplicity, and in such variety and perfection throughout all the Creator's works, so few can give to their feelings an intelligible voice, for the voice of such emotions is art, and the faculty that utters it is genius.

Thus even the great impulse of genius is an illustration of that remarkable tendency so strongly implanted within us, viz.: the continual and ardent desire to give utterance to our feelings by what influence soever aroused, or of whatsoever character they may be, from the bound of the maiden, the shout of the schoolboy, the stanza of the lover, the psalm of the devotee, the rhapsody of the poet, the picture of the painter, to the symphony of the musician.

The term beauty is one that admits of infinite adaptability in its application. Sometimes it is used only as the name for what is agreeable and lovely in outward appearance; but I propose to use it in its boundless and lofty sense, as the symbol for that divine charm which inspires so warmly within us the

instinct of admiration, whenever we contemplate what is wise, skilful, or good. This mystic charm has the Creator diffused throughout all his works, that they may for ever beam with the pervading glory of their Maker, and impress it deeply on the mind of man. It is this principle of beauty, visible in some definite shape, that inspires those feelings in the human breast that express themselves in the language of art. The astronomer beholds it in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies; the student of science in the contrivances of Nature; the artist in the forms, appearances, and outward arrangement of nature; and the poet and musician trace it in that deep and solemnly momentous *spiritual* world, the recorded, responsible, yet varied and mysterious action of the feelings, sentiments, and passions of the human breast.

As nothing in nature is always found in the same state of perfection, so a particular perceptive faculty will be found amidst different persons, in varied conditions of excellence. Thus, this principle of beauty may be visible in the phase of "form" to one to whom it is obscure in the phase of contrivance; yet, according to the character of the phase in which it is beheld, its nature will be the character of that medium through which its impression is to be expressed by art.

I have said, that according to the state of perfection of a certain perceptive faculty will be the power of duly appreciating, in some particular form, that pervading spirit of beauty in nature which is the great and only source of all art, and according to the natural phase in which that beauty is perceivable, will be the character of that branch of the language of art in which it is to be expressed. Now, it may be observed, that whenever some external influence arouses in the breast feelings of love, admiration, or devotion, the first spontaneous tendency of these feelings, their first expression, will be to *imitate* and partially reproduce the influence that created them.

This principle is conspicuously illustrated in considering the mental process of the painter, whose mind being peculiarly adapted for the due appreciation of the principle of beauty, as revealed in nature's external form, arrangement, and effect, no sooner meets it than the feelings it arouses impels him to imitate the generating influence by reproducing upon canvass those particular, natural effects, by which the pervading principle of beauty was first to his mind rendered apparent.

He reproduces them by *representation*, as the poet would by *description*, but it is not beauty in this phase of outward charm that the mind of the poet is principally adapted to appreciate. He, as I said before, possesses that faculty that is more fully sensitive to the solemn beauty revealed in the momentous action of the sentiments and passions of the human breast; so, in obedience to the above tendency, to imitation. He is impelled to create scenes, circumstances, incentives, and characters—to form the inscrutable and complicated apparatus of life that shall again excite to visible actions the mystic phenomenon of human passion.

This imitative tendency of the human feelings is nothing more than a mental instinct of self-sustainment, the process that a feeling of a warm and ardent character naturally adopts in order to perpetuate its existence.

Now the more prominent and perfect of the appreciative faculties in the mind of the poet and the musician are the same, the more prominent faculties of both being appealed to in the action of the human passions; but their mode of reproducing the external influence that ministers to these faculties is dissimilar, for as the poet reproduces some human passion by accounting for its immediate cause, and illustrating its nature and intensity by showing its effects, which are all only the external indicative signs of that passion, true music does neither, but renders, by a medium of expression peculiar to herself—viz., time, phrase, melody, and harmony—a nearer attribute of the feeling itself than are any of its outward and palpable indications; and though, on this account, the feeling thus expressed may not be so definite and clear to the immediate sense as when interpreted by the other arts, still, for this reason also, it is realised deeper and more intensely to the moral perception. I think, from the foregoing arguments, it may be naturally and truthfully inferred, that whereas all the other languages of art endeavour

to reproduce that influence—that phase of beauty that called them into action, by copying and representing its different external marks, signs, and attributes, music does none; her development of the great principle of beauty is by pure and abstract expression, by a mystic, original, and fervent influence, without a name. Whether, though less palpable and definite to the physical organs than that of the other arts, her meaning is less impressive and intense to the inward moral perception, I will leave the feelings of all that “have ears to hear” to determine.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

NO. VI.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

(Continued from page 356.)

THE same night Balfé was re-engaged to bring out the *Siege of Rochelle* the following season, and also *The Bondman*, under the title of *Der Mulatte*. Shortly afterwards he proceeded to Frankfort, to superintend the rehearsals of the *Bohemian Girl*, which was brought out at the Opera, and had a long run and a triumphant success. One evening, at a party given by the Baron Anselmo de Rothschild, Balfé was introduced to his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, who paid him many compliments, invited him to Berlin, told him to call upon him, and promised he would introduce him to the king. He said he so much admired the *Bohemian Girl*, that he had sent a copy of the score to the band-master of his own regiment, with an order to have the whole of it arranged for a military band.

After the London season of 1849 was over, Balfé accordingly went to Berlin, and paid his first visit to his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia. The Prince received him most graciously, and, after some brief conversation, taking him with him into the King's apartment, introduced him to his Majesty, who was no less gracious and condescending to the young English composer, and invited him to pass an evening at Charlottenberg. Here Balfé was agreeably surprised at hearing a number of pieces from his operas sung by the principal artists of his Majesty's Court Opera. Among these were Madame Koster, Madlle. Tuczek, Herr Mantius, &c., Herr Taubert, the well-known composer, being at the piano. A few days afterwards, the King issued an order to the Director-general of the Court Opera to place the theatre entirely at Balfé's disposal, to produce any of his operas he should think fit. This was accordingly done, and, in a short space of time, *The Bondman*, under the title of *Der Mulatte*, was produced with unequivocal success. His Majesty, who was present with all the court, sent for Balfé to his box after the opera, and expressed his unqualified pleasure at the music. At the same time he ordered the theatre to be placed at his entire disposal for the whole of the season following. *The Bondman* was first produced at Berlin in January, 1850.

Again, after the London season (1850), Balfé repaired to Berlin, and brought out the *Bohemian Girl* in January, 1851, on his Majesty's birthday. The opera obtained a great success, and was played frequently. The Earl of Westmoreland was at that time ambassador at the Prussian court; the Earl and family bestowed distinguished marks of favour and kindness on Balfé. After the success of the *Bohemian Girl*, the king was desirous of presenting some token of his regard to the composer. He offered him the decoration of the Prussian Eagle, which he would have accepted incontinently; but Lord Westmoreland interfered, and told the king the presentation would be useless, no English subject being allowed to accept any military order, and Balfé, consequently, was not decorated. The same thing, by the way, happened with regard to the offer of the order of the Legion of Honour by his ex-Majesty Louis Philippe of France, made after the success of the *Fuils d'Amour* at the Opéra-Comique. The first night of *Der Mulatte* (*The Bondman*) was also the first visit of the king of Prussia to the theatre since the revolution, and his reception, as a matter of course, was enthusiastic in the extreme.

One evening, while Balfé was at the Prince Charles of Prussia's country seat, after singing several songs, the Prince of Prussia,

who happened to be present, asked him whether he would like to go to St. Petersburg. Balfé replied that he should not like to go to such a distance, without the strongest recommendations. Upon this the prince said:

“I will give you a letter to my sister the Empress.”
Balfé bowed his acknowledgments; and Prince Charles added: “And I will do the same.”

After some discourse, in which our hero showed that, under certain circumstances, he would have no objection to travel to the City of Snows, it was arranged that the Prince of Prussia should write to the Empress (now Dowager) of all the Russias about Balfé's projected journey, and that he should take with him an introductory letter from Prince Charles.

Balfé left Berlin for London, and at the close of the season, 1852, started for St. Petersburg. Before leaving England, however, he wrote to his friend, Charles Eastland Michele, Esq., Consul-General at St. Petersburg, to recommend him a hotel for himself and family. Mr. Michele wrote back word, that he would be delighted if Balfé and his family would make his house their home on their arrival at St. Petersburg, until such time as they could get settled. Under such comforting circumstances and friendly auspices Balfé set out for the north with his family, and reached his destination early in October. Ill-fortune, nevertheless, met him on the threshold of his new adventure. The death of the Duke of Leichtenberg—son-in-law of the Emperor Nicholas, and husband of the Grand Duchess Marie—threw the Court into mourning for two months, and Balfé had nothing to do but look out of his windows on the fast-freezing Neva, or, wrapped in furs, take a cool airing in his sledge over the snows.

But everything must have an end—even court mourning; and in due time, Balfé, who, on his arrival, had punctually, and in conformity with the prescribed rules of etiquette, sent in his credentials to the Empress, received notice that the first court concert was to take place at the residence of the Grand Duchess Helen, and he himself engaged to organize and direct it. This was a direct step on the road to fortune. He went to the palace of the Grand Duchess in high spirits. The rooms were thronged with all the nobility and fashion of St. Petersburg. The ladies blazed forth with diamonds and jewels; the gentlemen shone with stars and decorations. Balfé had never witnessed so brilliant a display at home or abroad. He was determined to please his aristocratic hearers. The concert commenced. He exerted himself to the utmost. He sang—he accompanied—he played. He introduced *morceaux* not in the programme, to take by surprise his audience. But new or old seemed all alike. What was in the programme, or not in the programme, was received with similar indifference, or “damn'd with faint praise.” Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Balfé, were all tried in turn, and all found wanting. Balfé was deeply touched by the apathy of the company. No one noticed him—no one seemed to pay any attention. “This must be high life in a frozen state,” exclaimed Balfé under his breath; “it is not the high life of other courts. I have beheld high life in many states, but never any so frigid and listless as that of St. Petersburg. I wish I were well back to Old England; or even ensconced at Berlin, Vienna, or Rome. There I was somebody. Here I am not even recognised as a cypher—a figure 0 (Figaro).” Balfé, who had just finished singing “Largo al factotum,” could not refrain from making so obvious a pun. While he was thus bemoaning his fate, and the ill conduct of so many well-bred people, a young officer, dressed in naval uniform, advanced towards the piano where he was seated. Balfé rose at his approach. The young officer was exceedingly prepossessing in appearance, and had that frank and manly air so thoroughly indicative of a sea-faring life. He spoke English fluently, and entered into conversation at once. He had heard several of Balfé's operas, and admired them greatly. He was passionately fond of music, was an amateur, and played a little on the pianoforte and violoncello. The young officer was communicative. He was in the Russian navy, and admired the character of the English sailor immensely; so much so, indeed, that nothing in the world would afford him so much pleasure as to have a regular “brush” with an English man-of-war. He talked much of his habits on board; how he kept a piano in his

cabin (thought Balfé, "he must be a Post Captain"); had one of the best bands in the Russian navy; and discoursed learnedly of the Italian singers, the Italian operas, and manifold matters connected with music. Balfé met with a Russian whom he could understand, and with whom he could amalgamate in thought and feeling. Said he to himself, "I shall tell the Captain how I have been treated." He told the Captain.

"I expected, with letters of recommendation to the Empress," added Balfé, in explanation, "from Her Majesty's two brothers, the king and Prince of Prussia, presented two months since, that I should not have been entirely forgotten."

"You are not forgotten," rejoined the young Captain, "not a bit of it; I shall find out why you have not been sent for," and he left Balfé abruptly. Balfé watched him, and saw him, without the least ceremony, go up to the empress.

"Who is that person?" asked Balfé, of Lablache, pointing to the officer who had just left them?

"Only the Grand Duke Constantine," responded the great basso.

Balfé was thunderstruck. He was afraid he had spoken too much, and that what he said might not tend to his advantage. He was not long kept in suspense. The conversation between the Empress and the Grand Duke was brief. Her Majesty rose and walked straight towards the pianoforte.

"Non, Monsieur," she said with a smile, as if in reply to what the Grand Duke had been saying, "Vous n'êtes pas oublié! Pardonnez-moi, je vous prie;—êtes vous, par exemple, Monsieur Balfé de l'air?" The Empress alluded to the *rondo finale* from Balfé's opera, *The Maid of Artois*, which Alboni and Pauline Viardot, by frequently singing, had made so popular, that it rendered the name of Balfé—of whose music, perhaps, nothing else was known—famous in all St. Petersburg.

"No, sir, you are not forgotten. Pardon me, I pray;—are you, by the way, Mr. Balfé of the air?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

MOZART'S SYMPHONY IN E FLAT.

(By the Author of the Analytical Programmes of the New Philharmonic Society.)

(Continued from page 365.)

Far be it from us, therefore, to deny that descriptive music may be made a noble thing; but what we complain of is, that it is running wild, or at least the musical world are running wild after it. We only wish we could persuade some of the gifted modern composers, who waste their time in representing the unrepresentable, just to try the experiment of writing a little music, which should, like Mozart's Symphonies, be innocent of meaning; and, though they might not find the task easy, we would back its success very strongly.

It is an open question, which deserves more investigation than it has yet received, how far music is legitimately capable of expressing ideas lying out of the proper domain of sound; that it is so to a certain extent is undeniable; but this extent is much more limited than is usually supposed, as may be evident by the fact of the exceeding indefiniteness of the representations produced. For, if we examine closely into the working, on the mind, of any descriptive piece of instrumental music, we shall find that by far the greater portion of its efficiency is due to our own fancy, and very little to the suggestive power of the music itself. It is easy enough, when we are told beforehand the programme of a composition, to identify, or rather to imagine we can identify, its descriptions; but let any descriptive symphony or overture, even of the highest class, be played to a person ignorant of its name or intention, and see the result of his endeavours to make out its meaning. We once heard a magnate of a provincial festival (where Mendelssohn had just succeeded Neukomm in favour) declare he could distinctly trace, in the Wedding March, the exact point where the ring was put on; but for our own parts we failed to discover any hymeneal character in it, except, perhaps, the frequent and prominent discords! The most contradictory guesses are made, even by eminent musical critics, as to the meaning of compositions; and we think this very fact might warrant the inference that the meaning so anxiously pursued might be, after all, an *ignis fatuus*—the composition never having been intended by the composer to bear any meaning at all. And often, when an explanatory programme is given, the case is not much better; for we have remarked the perplexity of hearers listening to a romantic

composition of the modern school with a long sheet of explanation in their hands, and trying their utmost, but in vain, to make out what part of the scene is being played! And we have been almost profanely reminded of the reply of the showman, when asked inconvenient questions by his juvenile spectators as to which parts of his picture he was describing.

It is probable that music may be only really capable of describing facts, through the medium of sensations appertaining to them; which sensations are producible also by musical combinations. Thus, for instance, an impression of liveliness or solemnity conveyed by music, may correspond with feelings of the same nature excited by certain objects or certain scenes; and so may seem to describe such objects or scenes; whereas in reality it only recalls certain subjective qualities of them. Hence, if the hearer is told what the music refers to, he may probably succeed in tracing the description; but if not, he may altogether fail in divining what is intended to be described.

However this may be, there is no doubt that descriptive music is good and commendable, so far as it is kept in bounds; it may call forth much skill and talent; and where a thorough appreciation of the æsthetic character of music exists, it may tend to results of high merit. But to say that all good music must be descriptive, because some good music happens to be so, is illogical in the extreme; for by far the greater part of our most esteemed instrumental compositions are of such a character that it is impossible to imagine any consistent programme for them, except by resorting to the wildest rhapsodies of modern German enthusiasm.

And it needs but little argument to show that non-descriptive music, at least in the instrumental form, is of a purer and nobler order than descriptive. The latter depends for its interest partly on an element foreign to the essential nature of the art; for music, strictly speaking, is intended to give pleasure by combinations of sound only; and when the descriptive element is introduced, the composition becomes no longer pure music, but, to a certain extent, a combination of music and drama. But a work to which no programme is attached, must please by its merit as a pure musical composition, standing independently on its phonetic qualities, and unaided by any foreign associations; and we think it may be taken for granted, that the composer who excels in works of this nature shows more true command of his art than he who owes half his success to the embodiment in his composition of some tangible scene or extraneous idea.

It will now, we trust, be seen that we were in sober earnest when we stated that Mozart's instrumental compositions were enhanced in musical worth by their having no meaning. Nobody could write descriptive music better than Mozart, when he pleased, as all the world knows; but he did not think that Symphonies, Quartets, and Quintets, were the proper field to display this talent upon; and, consequently, in these he confined himself to pure, unadulterated, essential, abstract, music. We are not aware that, throughout the whole range of these strictly instrumental compositions, there is any attempt to introduce or suggest a descriptive feature, extraneous meaning, or non-musical idea of any kind whatever. And this is one reason why they form such admirable examples for study. To those who seek intellectual gratification only, the genius of Beethoven may be more captivating; but for solid benefit and practical improvement in composition, there is no school like Mozart, whose works are truly a "pure well of music, undefiled."

Mozart is said to have written altogether nearly forty symphonies; of which, however, only about six were composed during the last ten years of his life, when his powers had arrived at maturity, and his style had taken its most elevated form.

The three most esteemed of all, namely, the "Jupiter" Symphony, that in G minor, and the present one, were composed within a few weeks of each other, about the middle of 1788, and shortly after the completion of *Don Giovanni*. The production, contemporaneously, of three grand orchestral works, so entirely differing from each other in style as these three are, is a remarkable evidence of the composer's power of variety, as well as the originality of his ideas. For though, as we have said before, neither of them describes anything, they produce impressions each of a very different kind. The character of the "Jupiter" Symphony is grand and majestic; that of the G minor, is stern and energetic; that of the one in E flat, is lively and simple. Its structure is so clear that it requires little remark. It commences with a magnificent Adagio—one of Mozart's best—and that is saying a great deal. The vigour given by the dotted notes, and their strong contrast with the legato running passages, are prominent features in the movement. The running passage is introduced afterwards in the *Allegro*, in different rhythm. The first subject of the *Allegro* is a delicate melodial passage, which is repeated by the basses; but, singularly enough, is not made use of at all in the elaborations of its

movement, the principal imitations being taken from an accidental passage, and from a sort of subsidiary second subject, which has an unusual rhythm of *five bars*. The *Andante*, called in Germany the "Swan Song," is the movement for which the symphony is most celebrated; and it is vain to attempt to give an idea, in words, of its exquisite beauty. There are some striking modulations in this movement; but its simplicity is never in the least disturbed. The *Scherzo* is spirited.—And the Trio singularly instrumented; the second clarinet playing an *arpeggio* accompaniment, in its lower tones, to the melody on the first. The *finale* is gay and sparkling in the highest degree. The second subject is almost exactly the same as the first; but the very slight change made suffices to give it a marked distinction.

REVIEW.

THE IMPERIAL PRINCE'S GALOP, by Miss Ellen L. Glascock.

We promised in our last to notice the above this week; and gallantry forbids us breaking faith with a lady. Miss Glascock's galop is dedicated to the Emperor Napoleon III., whose powerful military bands it would suit famously—being tuneful, spirited, and especially rhythmical. As a pianoforte piece it is brilliant and showy, without being difficult—a manifest advantage. The themes, both in major and minor, betray a certain indication of the French manner, which, under the circumstances of the title and inscription, is rather in place than otherwise. To conclude, the *Imperial Prince's Galop* is just as effective for a solo piece, as for a piece to dance by.

LIVERPOOL.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The opening of the magnificent new concert room in the St. George's Hall (the most splendid and unique in the kingdom), was to have taken place last Wednesday evening—*auspicious* the enterprising Regent-street firm of Cramer, Beale and Co.—but, unfortunately, the public of "Modern Tyne" had only purchased 130 tickets up to Tuesday night, so Mr. Willert Beale wisely postponed the concert, in the hopes of "better times." The fact is, that the price of £50, demanded by the corporation for the use of the room for a single night, is preposterously high—for the *salle*, with the aid of chairs, will only hold about 950 people. Mr. Beale had provided a first-rate array of vocal and instrumental talent, and, after calculating all his expenses, he fixed the price of the tickets at 12s. 6d., a high figure for Liverpool, certainly, but still not beyond the means of our *soi-disant* "merchant princes." In justice to them, however, it is but fair to state that the principal families are at present out of the town, but I think it anything but creditable to the corporation, that, out of 64 members of the Town Council, not more than a dozen purchased tickets. A choral and organ performance of the *Creation* is to take place to-morrow (Friday) night, in aid of the funds for paying for the improvement of the organ of St. Nicholas.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mons. Jullien, with his justly-named "Model Military Band," and the Zouaves' Trumpeters, gave a grand concert here on Tuesday evening last, in the Cloth Hall, to an audience which has been variously estimated at from five to ten thousand persons. The place was fitted with an elegant and spacious orchestra, and, together with the flags, decorations, and gay attire of the ladies, presented a *coup d'œil* not often witnessed in the dingy locality appropriated for the chief sale of our staple manufacture. The management of the concert was entrusted to the management of the Recreation Society, who were unusually successful in their arrangements. The performances of the band were received with great enthusiasm. M. Jullien is entitled to the highest encomiums for his selection of *artistes* for this band, composed as it is of some of the finest executants in Europe. In addition to our old friends and favourites, König, Wulle, Reichardt, Hughes, Lavigne, &c., whose solos were received with great favour by the audience, M. Jullien introduced a new candidate for honours in the person of M. Colasanti, who performed in a masterly and novel style, an air with variations on the "contra bombardone." The Zouaves excited great curiosity, as much on account of their powerful clarions as of their romantic aspect. The quadrille, in which these men introduced their calls, exhibited all M. Jullien's peculiarity of style, and its performance was received with reiterated plaudits.

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS.

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT has announced her intention to take leave of the English public in three concerts. The first came off at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening. The audience was immense, but care having been taken that no more tickets should be issued than what the hall could accommodate, the visitors experienced no inconvenience.

Notwithstanding that these concerts are absolutely the *last* of the "Swedish Nightingale" in this country, there are many who believe the announcement to be an artifice of the singer, or of those by whom she is directed, and that still another "three" will follow. We beg to assure all who take any interest in the matter, that, at the third concert now to be given, Jenny Lind will positively sing for the last time in England. We urge this, since we should be sorry that anybody, through a stupid misapprehension, should lose the only chance of hearing one of the greatest singers that ever adorned the roll of Fame.

The following was the programme on Wednesday:—

PART I.

Overture, "Les deux Journées"	Cherubini.
Cavatina, "Di militari onori" (<i>Jessonda</i>), Sig. Belletti	Spohr.
Air (<i>Armida</i>), Mme. Goldschmidt	Gluck.
Fantasia on <i>Don Juan</i> , violoncello, Herr Ganz	Ganz.
Duo, "Ebbene...a te: ferisci" (<i>Semiramide</i>), Messdames Goldschmidt and Viardot	Rossini.
Concert-stück, Mr. O. Goldschmidt	Weber.
Scena and Aria, "Ah non giunge" (<i>Sonnambula</i>), Mme. Goldschmidt	Bellini.

PART II.

Choral Fantasia, pianoforte, Mr. O. Goldschmidt	Beethoven.
Duett, "Per piacer alla Signora," Mad. Goldschmidt and Sig. Belletti	Rossini.
Air, "Prêtres de Baal" (<i>Prophète</i>),	Meyerbeer.
Morning Hymn (<i>Festale</i>), solos, Mmes. Goldschmidt and Viardot	Spontini.
Duo Concertante, violin and violoncello, Messrs. L. and M. Ganz	L. & M. Ganz.
Scotch Ballad, "John Anderson, my jo," } Mad. Goldschmidt	
Swedish Melody, "The Echo Song," }	
Part-song	Pearsall.
Coronation March	Meyerbeer.

Conductor—M. Benedict.

The orchestra and chorus were not so efficient as at former concerts of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, which was apparent from the outset. Signor Belletti sang Spohr's grand air as he always does. The *aria* from *Armida* is not very brilliant, and Mad. Goldschmidt seemed rather to feel her way with it than strive to render it one of her effective pieces. The duet from *Semiramide* was unworthy of the two artists. There should be moderation in all things, even in exercising the art of embellishing and changing fine music. But here there was no moderation; and Rossini would have been unable to recognise his own duet.

In the *finale* to *Sonnambula*, Mad. Goldschmidt, perhaps, never sang more magnificently. We have been equally surprised and delighted by her singing, but never to the same extent as on the present occasion. It was Jenny Lind in one of her "great moments," and none who heard her warble the "Ah! non credea," and shout the "Ah! non giunge," can ever forget it. This transcendent performance, to a certain extent, killed everything that came after. An extraordinary effect, however, was produced by Jenny Lind in "John Anderson, my Jo," which was received with unbounded applause.

The rest of the concert calls for little notice. Herr Otto Goldschmidt played the pianoforte part in the *Concert-stück* and choral fantasia with more than his usual cleverness; and Mad. Viardot gave the grand bravura air from the third act of the *Prophète* with great dramatic feeling.

MONTPELLIER.—The *Etoile du Nord* has obtained an immense success at the theatre here. It is magnificently "got up." Mad. Raui plays the part of Catherine, and M. Bataille (from the Opéra-Comique) that of Peter.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fifth concert, on Monday evening, was, in all respects, the best of the present season. The Fates were propitious on this occasion. Everything went well; and we had not only a splendid programme, but an execution worthy of it. We append the selection:—

PART I.		
Sinfonia in A major		Mendelssohn.
Recit. Aria—"Alcandro, lo confesso" Miss Dolby		Mozart.
Concerto in C minor, Pianoforte, Miss A. Goddard		Bennett.
Aria—"Vedrò, mentr'io sospiro," Mr. Weiss (<i>Figaro</i>)		Mozart.
Concerto, Violin, in B minor, Signor Sivi		Paganini.

PART II.		
Sinfonia in B flat (No. 4)		Beethoven.
The "Spirit Song," Miss Dolby		Haydn.
Overture (<i>Oberon</i>)		Weber.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

However it may be objected that the first and last movements of Mendelssohn's prodigious symphony were taken a shade slower than usual, it cannot be denied that this was by far the best performance of it ever listened to at the Philharmonic concerts. The *andante con moto* and the *presto saltarello* were encored, but the first demand alone was complied with. Thus much to the account of the new conductor, who has been so savagely criticised by the *Athenæum* ("ante"—we forget what page).

The other symphony—the joyous and irresistible B flat—was equally well played. And here we must praise the judgment exhibited by the conductor in taking both *scherso* and *finale* at a time which, while it insured clearness and emphasis, preserved all the spirit of the music. The *Oberon* was "enlève" as the Philharmonic band has long been accustomed to "enlève" the dramatic overtures of Weber.

The performance of Sig. Sivi was a wonderful display of mechanical excellence, allied to beauty of tone, truth of intonation, and all the most exquisite graces of the Italian manner. The concerto itself (though differing largely from what Paganini really composed*) is interesting as a *bravura* rhapsody; and though lengthy and diffuse, its absolute musical merits being taken into consideration, is so crowded with brilliant *tours de force*, that those who love to be astonished are not likely to find any portion of it fatiguing. Sig. Sivi astonished them to their heart's content, and the applause they bestowed upon him was enthusiastic to a degree. We are charmed to find that the accident which happened to the great little Italian fiddler, some years ago, when he fell out of his carriage at Geneva, and fractured his hand, should only have had the result of making him play still better than before. We recommend other fiddlers to break their wrists and get them mended. It may improve their execution also.

The concerto of Professor Bennett is the same which Miss Arabella Goddard performed at the concerts of the *New Philharmonic Society* in 1853. It is the same which she did not perform, in that year, at the concerts of the *Old Philharmonic Society*—for reasons made sufficiently public at the time. We have no wish, however, to "rake up" old disputes—more especially since circumstances have changed. Let us hope that the feelings of animosity which, at the period referred to, were productive of so much evil, are now dead, and that there is room enough, not only in the world at large, but in the Hanover Square Rooms on Philharmonic nights, both for the composer of *Ella* and the author of *Parasina the Naiads* and the *Wood Nymphs*—both "capital fellows" in their different spheres. What we think of Bennett's third concerto we need not recapitulate. What foreigners think of it may be gleaned from the admirable translations of Robert Schumann with which our valued contributor, Mr. John V. Bridgeman,† is favouring us. Suffice it the concerto is a master-piece, and that the first movement might be

signed "Mozart," while the other two (equally fine in their way) could only have been signed "Bennett."

On Monday evening Miss Arabella Goddard may be said to have passed the Rubicon. Not to have been heard at the Philharmonic, is as bad for a player as for a singer not to have been heard in Paris.* Now Miss Goddard has been heard, and in a concerto which she adhered to with a constancy worthy of a hero—from the age of seventeen to that of twenty. She has been heard—and with what pleasure those who assisted at the fifth concert can testify. Success was never more brilliantly achieved, and never more honorably fought for. The concerto in C minor, and the manner of its reception, might reasonably be accepted as an apology on the part of its composer for not having tendered the apology which was so unreasonably demanded on the part of the producer of *EN* by friends (of the latter), enemies (of the former), and go-betweens in ordinary. The exclusion of such a work was, under any pretext, absurd. But, *finis coronat opus*. The matter is at an end. Let us draw the curtain round it, till it slumbers and is forgotten.

Miss Goddard was received with enthusiasm, played with enthusiasm, was applauded with enthusiasm after each movement of the concerto, and recalled with enthusiasm at the end of her performance—which, for all the qualities of first-rate "pianism" (we borrow the word from Dr. Ella), could scarcely be surpassed.

The vocal pieces were well chosen (the two fine airs of Mozart especially), and well sung by Miss Dolby and Mr. Weiss; but at this remarkably long and remarkably interesting concert the band, the piano, and the fiddle carried everything before them. Instrumental music was in the ascendant.

* Jenny Lind's admirers (among the warmest of whom we have the honor to count) may say what they please. No Frenchman will acknowledge her until she has laid Paris at her feet.

MUSICAL UNION.

The sixth "sitting" was rendered memorable by a bold stroke of generalship on the part of the Director. For the first time the perfumed visitors were regaled with one of the "posthumous" quartets of Beethoven. Mr. Ella was incredulous about the result, and evidently "shook in his shoes" during the performance. He had no faith in the sitters. He was wrong. Those who sit at the Musical Union have been too well educated in good works (and for this Mr. Ella is entitled to the thanks of the musical community) not to appreciate a composition so stuffed with beauties as the quartet in B flat, Op. 130. (Now, Mr. Punch—here is an "op." for you!) They did appreciate; so let us hear no more about the incompatibility of "posthumous" quartets with cambric handkerchiefs and odoriferous scent-bottles. Mr. Ella's patrons are not such "muffs" as to be deaf to the melody of that most passionate *cavatina*, sung so transcendently as it was by Ernst, on Tuesday, at a quarter to 5 p.m. But let us give the programme:—

Quartet, D minor		Mozart.
Trio, in D, Op. 70. Pianoforte, &c.		Beethoven.
Quartet (Posth.) B flat, Op. 130		Beethoven.
Barcarole, Op. 60. Deux Valses, Op. 64		Chopin.

The "executive" in the quartets was composed of Ernst, H. C. Cooper, Goffrie, and Piatti. Mozart, "in A," had been at first selected. It was "found" rather tame, however (poor Mozart!—to be rejudged at this period!), and the "D minor" substituted. We are very fond of the "D minor," but we are also fond of the "A," and should like to hear it for once in a way. Still if Mr. Ella and tall find it *tame*, of course the unperfumed must not expect to be gratified. Our business, at present, is chiefly with the "Posthumous"—which was superbly played by the gifted Ernst and his talented companions. The opening *adagio* and *allegro* were less "tasted," because less clearly understood, than the other movements. The *presto* in B flat minor, so quaint and odd—with its brilliant trio in the major, so perplexing to the chief fiddle—first arrested the sympathies of the sitters; and, thence to the end, the interest never flagged. In the *andante con moto* in D flat—a kind of *scherso*, which Mr. Ella informs us was the "especial delight" of his very intimate friend, the late

* As may be seen by a reference to the printed edition of his works.

† Who accomplished the herculean labour of turning the *Opér and Dramé* of Herr Wagner into plain and excellent English.

Mendelssohn (Mendelssohn, at any rate, has not forgotten to remember parts of it, in certain passages of his own works)—Ernst put forth all his strength, and was admirably seconded by the others. This completed the triumph the *presto* had begun. Then came the innocent, loveable waltz movement, in G—the tune of which at once seized the apprehensions of “the sofas,” and, we will warrant, haunted them all day long. But what Dr. Ella terms “demonstrative ecstasy” was reserved for the most divine movement of all—the *Cavatina, adagio molto espressivo*, in E flat—with which, Mr. Ella tells us, “Beethoven was so well pleased, that he was constantly humming it, in his own peculiar manner, during the latter days of his life.” What the “peculiar manner” of the harmonic necromancer may have been, we cannot pretend to guess. All we can say is, that Ernst’s “peculiar manner” of playing the *caavatina* was so consoling, that it is much to be regretted Beethoven was not alive to hear it. Being a foreigner, he would doubtless have been accommodated by his “clear-headed friend,” the director of the Musical Union, with an invitation ticket. The *finale** in B flat—the last composition of Beethoven, and one of his freshest and most genial—could not fail to enchant any assembly of connoisseurs whose ears were not choked up with cotton. And thus much for the “posthumous” experiment, and its entire success.

Of the amazingly fine trio in D (the concluding movement of which seems to have expanded out of the *finale* to the sonata in the same key, Op. 10—as an oak from an acorn) we have only space left to say, that it was executed in a masterly and profoundly poetical style by the accomplished pianist, Mad. Schumann, assisted by Herr Ernst and Signor Piatti, and was loudly applauded. The trio were worthy of the *trio*—the interpreters of the music. The barcarole of Chopin, though needlessly and profitlessly difficult, contains some of that moody Pole’s most agreeable thoughts; and the two *valses* are both pretty. Mad. Schumann gave to all three, not only the impress of her fingers, but of her own delicate and womanly mind. God bless her!

And with these insinuating bagatelles ended one of the most exciting sittings on record, in the “record” of the Musical Union. When Charon takes Beethoven his copy, the shade of the giant will be pacified. His “Posthumous” has been accepted by the perfumed.

* Substituted for a very singular fugue (since published separately) in 1826, shortly before the death of the composer.

CONCERTS—VARIOUS.

CAMPDEN House, the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Petrie Waugh, was crowded by a brilliant audience on Monday last, when Madame Anichini gave her annual *fête champêtre*, with music. The weather was magnificent, and the beautiful grounds of Campden House were thronged before and after the concert by the fashionable patrons of the *beneficiaire*, to listen to the band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), under the direction of Mr. Tutton, to inhale the odours of the flowers, to talk a little good-natured scandal (perhaps!)—which, after all is natural enough on such an occasion as Madame Anichini’s annual *réunion*, where, as at the Opera, fashion meets to chat about the weather, the last new dress, and the last *canard*. The singers were Madame Amedei, Madame E. Henderson, Mr. Swift, Signori Salviani, Belletti, Ciabatta, Beneventano, and Burdini, M. Jules Lefort, Herren Reichardt and Pischek. The conductors were MM. Benedict, Vera, and Pilotti; the solo instrumentalists, Signor Andreoli (pianoforte), Signor Belletti (clarinet), and Mdle. Louise Christine (harp). Mad. Anichini never sang better. A canonet by Martini (which Martini!), called “Plaisir d’amour,” suited her voice exactly, was given with charming grace and sentiment, and applauded warmly, as it merited. The talented vocalist likewise took part in the duets, “Dite alla giovane” (*La Traviata*), with Signor Ciabatta, and “Si la Stanchezza” (*Il Trovatore*) with Herr Reichardt. The last, and best, was especially well sung, and encored. The concerted pieces in which Madame Anichini assisted were the quintet from Niedemeyer’s opera *Marie Stuart*, and the *finale* to the prologue of *Lucrezia Borgia*. She also joined

MM. Ciabatta and Burdini in a favourite trio. Madame Amedei’s fine *contralto* was heard in an air from *Torquato Tasso*; Signori Salviani and Beneventano respectively attempted “Ange si pur” (*Favorita*), and “Il balen” (*Trovatore*); M. Jules Lefort gave one of his peculiar French romances; Herr Reichardt, in Blumenthal’s “Papillon,” accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Benedict, was greatly applauded; Mr. Swift sang “La mia letizia” with great feeling; Herr Pischek was encored in “Mein Herz ist am Rhein,” and substituted the “Standard Bearer” (by way of novelty?); Madame Henderson sang an air by Mozart, and assisted, with MM. Ciabatta, Burdini, etc., in the *morceaux d’ensemble*. In the instrumental department there were two new performers, Signor Andreoli, a pianist, and Signor Sigichelli, a violinist—both from Italy. Signor Andreoli, in a *fantasia* on motives from the *Elisir d’Amore*, proved himself an “expert manipulator,” with a light and agreeable touch, and Signor Sigichelli, in another on airs from the *Favorita*, exhibited much the same qualifications. Both were applauded. Signor Belletti, in a solo performed on the “clarinet *contralto*,” and Mdle. Christine, in Godefroid’s “Danse des Sylphes,” for the harp, were received with great favour. M. Vera had the chief labour, as accompanist, on his shoulders, and carried all before him.

HERR ROBERT GOLDBECK’S concert came off on Tuesday evening in the Hanover Rooms. Herr Goldbeck took the pianoforte part in Beethoven’s Trio in C minor, Op. 1, with Messrs. Ries (violin), and Hausmann (violinello), and played several of his own compositions. Madame Rüdersdorf introduced Wallace’s new song, “Bonnie Katie Strany,” and Herr von Osten attempted Beethoven’s “Adelaide.” Miss Ellen Berry and Miss Broad also sang, and Herr Ziron executed a *divertissement* on the “Emmelynka” (or children’s Mouth Harmonicon). There were three conductors—Mr. Aguilar, Herr Schloesser, and Herr Lehmyer.

MADAME BASSANO and HERR KUHE’S annual concert was given at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday morning. The programme included no less than twenty-seven pieces. The singers were Madame Bassano, Misses Stabbach, Teresa Bassano, Sherrington, Madame Viardot Garcia, Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Reichardt, Herr Pischek, and Signor F. Lablache; the instrumentalists, Herr Kuhe, Miss Arabella Goddard, MM. Sainton, Paque, and Richard Blagrove. The pieces most applauded were Osborne’s duet on the *Huguenots* for two pianos, brilliantly played by Miss Goddard and Herr Kuhe; Mozart’s “Della sua pace,” and Balfe’s “Good night, beloved,” by Mr. Sims Reeves; Frank Mori’s “Tambourine song,” by Madame Viardot; a romance of Weber’s by Herr Reichardt; Händel’s “Lascia ch’io pianza,” by Madame Bassano; and Kücken’s “Der Kleine Recrut,” by Herr Pischek. Madame Viardot was encored in the *rondo finale* from *La Sonnambula*. Solos were played by Herr Kuhe on the pianoforte, by M. Paque on the violinello, by Mr. Richard Blagrove on the concertina, and by M. Sainton on the violin. Messrs. Benedict and Aguilar conducted. There was a full attendance.

RE-UNION DES ARTS.—The sixth concert on Wednesday was attended by a large concourse of visitors, the principal attraction being Madame Schumann, who played for the first time. With the celebrated pianist were also Ernst and Piatti; and in addition, the Brousil family; so that the attractions were many and various. The programme consisted of Mozart’s quartet in G, executed by MM. Ernst, Zerbin, Goffrie, and Piatti; Robert Schumann’s trio in D minor, No. 1, performed by Madame Schumann, Herr Ernst, and Signor Piatti; Beethoven’s “Moonlight Sonata,” played by Mad. Schumann; and solos by Mendelssohn and R. Schumann, by the same lady. The instrumental pieces were interspersed with songs by Miss Hemming and Herr Rokitansky. Madame Schumann created a profound sensation, and was enthusiastically applauded after each of her performances. The “Moonlight Sonata” was read with that refinement of conception peculiar to the pianist. Mozart’s quartet was admirable from first to last; and for perfect *ensemble* playing, Schumann’s trio could hardly be surpassed. The family

Brouil executed a *fantasia* on two violins, viola, violoncello, and pianoforte. Herr William Ganz conducted, and Herr Ernst was president of the evening.

HARMONIC UNION.—This society, which was thought defunct, (we are glad to be undeceived), suddenly exhibited symptoms of vitality, and gave a concert, on Wednesday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, in aid of the Nightingale Fund. A new Oratorio, by the Reverend S. S. Gresham, entitled *Enoch's Prophecy*, and Mendelssohn's symphony in A, were performed, among other *morceaux*. The vocalists were Madame Weiss, Miss Milner, Miss Dolby, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Weiss. Herr Molique was the conductor. As there were not above fifty persons in the room, and as the expenses must have been considerable, our readers may guess how much the fund profited by the enterprise.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.—Last evening a miscellaneous concert, under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, for the benefit of the above institution, took place at the Hanover-square Rooms. The vocal performers were Mesdames Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Gassier, Emilie Krall, Lockey, Birch, and Dolby; M. Gassier, Messrs. Benson, Foster, Land, and Lawler, and Signor Marras; the instrumentalists—Madame Clara Schumann, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Herr Nabich, and Signor Giulio Regondi. The orchestra was conducted by Professor Bennett.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A grand fancy dress-ball was given in the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday week, with brilliant result. Upwards of 1,000 were present, and the funds of the Academy, for the benefit of which institution the ball was projected, are likely to derive material benefit from its success. Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Princess Royal, and the Royal guests, honoured the ball with her presence. The proceedings commenced with two sets of "Illustrative Quadrilles," one representing the "Elements"—(Fire, Air, Earth, and Water), prepared by the Countess of Westmoreland, and the other "Night and its surrounding Stars," prepared by Lady Jersey. These were followed by two others, the "*Siecle de Louis XIV.*" invented by the Countess of Harewood, and the "Alliance," by Mrs. Charles Mills. The music to the "Elements" and "Night," was from 'Adam's *ballet* of the *Corsaire*, and that to *Louis XIV.* and the *Alliance*, was Bosquet's *Une fete à Versailles*. We need hardly remark, that the dresses of the dancers who formed these "acts," and included among the ladies the most beautiful of the younger scions of the aristocracy, were appropriate, elegant, and fanciful. Her Majesty, during the evening, descended into the room from the royal box whence the dancing had been witnessed, and conversed in an affable manner with several of the visitors. The Duchess of Manchester as Cybele, and Lady Constantia Grosvenor as Blanche of Castille, were conspicuous for their beauty and their costumes. The band, under the direction of M. Laurent, was very effective, and performed, among other things, the following:—*Les Rues de Londres* (waltz, H. Laurent); *St. Patrick* (quadrille, H. Laurent); *Slovanka Klänge* (valse, on Russian airs, Gungl); *Bonnie Dundee* (quadrille, D'Albert); *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* (valse, on Verdi's opera, H. Laurent); and *Les Filles d'Eve* (quadrille, Bosquet). Her Majesty, before leaving, walked round the room, leaning on the arm of the Earl of Westmoreland, the band playing the National Anthem until her departure (as at her arrival,) when dancing was renewed and kept up till a late hour.

M. JULIEN, and his band of forty-eight, with twelve Zouave trumpeters, has visited the following towns in the course of the tour, which commenced on May 12:—Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Leamington, Shrewsbury, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Exeter, Bristol, Bath, Hanley, Nottingham, Wolverhampton, Chester, Sheffield, Leeds, Durham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, and Dublin. The tour ends on Monday, 16th, at Wolverhampton, in Mr. Molinoux's Park.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. M. K. (Northampton), shall appear as soon as possible.

DEATHS.

On Sunday morning, the 9th inst., at her residence in Paris, after a long illness, Madame Cruwell, widow,—mother of the well-known dramatic singer, Sophie Cruwell.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 14TH, 1856.

THE first of the three "Farewell Concerts" has been given. The next will take place shortly; and a few days onward the last. Those who are not fortunate enough to hear Jenny Lind on Monday, June 30th, 1856, will never enjoy the chance again—at least in England. On that day the greatest singer in the world will take leave for ever of that public which has best understood, and most munificently rewarded her.

The greatest singer in the world!—Yes—the greatest singer in the world is Jenny Lind. We say so, after mature consideration, based upon an experience of twelve years. A strict analysis of her qualifications, mental and physical, would probably lead to the disclosure of more faults and more beauties than could be detected in any other great artist. But we are not going to attempt any such thing. It is too late.

The voice of Jenny Lind is defective. None can deny that fact; and yet it is by far the richest and loveliest of sopranos. All the middle and lower notes are veiled; and these registers evince rather stubbornness than flexibility. But, as the singer warms into exertion, struggles with impediments, and vanquishes them, the voice issues forth like a conqueror in arms—or pierces brightly through the veil as the sun through a cloud. Jenny Lind's efforts to master her rebellious organ, remind us of a simile applied by Halifax to the search after hidden scientific truths, in which he compares the sensation created in the seeker to what must be felt by a man in the act of wrestling with a beautiful woman. One thing is certain. Jenny Lind cannot force her voice so as to render any of its tones harsh, or otherwise disagreeable. The more she demands of it the more it yields—as though its wealth was inexhaustible. Thus, while she sings, the pleasure of the listener always increases—until towards the end of a long concert or opera, when the veil is thrown aside, and the voice becomes wholly free, it may be likened to broad noon-day on the hills; the mists have vanished, and the sun rides bare and fierce, with not a vapour to impede him. Grant, then, that the voice of Jenny Lind is defective. We maintain that the exquisite gratification, derived on the one hand by herself, in battling against its defects, and on the other unconsciously communicated to her audience, belongs to that catalogue of indefinable idiosyncracies which make up the sum total of a charm possessed by no other singer in existence.

But let us not stop, at the moment of parting, to dwell upon "points," or pry into secrets that are after all to be classed among the inscrutable ways through which nature so frequently manifests herself. Jenny Lind is nobly, though eccentrically endowed; but the causes of the spell she exercises, *physically*, on her hearers, escape definition. As an artist, with many faults, she combines a larger number of excellencies than any of her contemporaries. She has had

* Mario has also something of this quality.

greater difficulties to surmount than the majority; but with indomitable perseverance, and a soul emphatically musical, she has risen from the ordeal, triumphant.

Our object just now, however, is not to entertain a discussion about the acquired talent or natural gifts of Jenny Lind, but to impress upon the consideration of the intelligent among our readers (the majority of course) that if they wish to hear the greatest singer in the world once again it must be now or never. We are well aware that the cant, with a certain restrained and narrow-minded class, has been to regard Jenny Lind as a delusion and her artistic and social life as a sham; but never was there a greater delusion or a greater sham than this very cant of the restrained and narrow-minded class. Nine-tenths of us know better. We are able to recognise the legitimacy of the Lind influence in the consistency of its duration, and the unanswerable logic of its origin. We who are musicians enough to appreciate the transcendent musical excellence of the songstress—who remember the words of Mendelssohn,* the foremost authority of the last thirty years—and prefer judging for ourselves to letting others judge for us, can afford to smile at the sophism of coterie. Truth is great and will prevail. Jenny Lind is an example of it. A rare genius, consummate artist, and noble heart, through the agency of a series of fortuitous circumstances, has been enabled to perform its mission fully—a mission from above—a mission to delight by the exhibition of a beautiful art, and console by the administration of that sympathy which human beings owe to each other.

In what has Jenny Lind failed that, in regard of the riches with which God endowed her, she was bound to do? In *nothing*. We can recall no single instance of a person remarkably endowed, and high in station, deriving more honor from her endowments, yet living more unostentatiously in her station. Jenny Lind might have been a *millionaire*, but she despised it. She preferred to do a million good deeds rather than to hoard a million in gold. Some will cry out, "This was all for notoriety—for a name." Very well. Be ye, scoffers, as anxious to obtain a good name as Jenny Lind; and, perhaps, one day you may be found worthy to touch the hem of her garment. For our own parts we can in nowise be persuaded to regard her as an ordinary creature, but believe her to be truly inspired—and that belief is strengthened by the simplicity of her manners and the utter guilelessness of her heart. Had she lived in the early ages of the Christian era, she would have been canonised, St. Jenny, by the whole world, as she is already, at this period, and devoutly, by a few. That she is determined to take leave of us so soon is matter for regret; but depend upon it she has good reason for the conclusion at which she arrives—and that when she says "good bye," she means it.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In reading the last synoptical analysis of Mr. Ella and indulging in a little analysis myself—synoptical, if you please—I was doubtful, having got some way down the first paragraph, whether, when he refers with a certain air of learning to the authority of Quintillian, Tully, and Schiller,—lumping them together with a sort of hop, skip, and jump, from the classic to the romantic periods,—he means the antique Tully, now called Cicero, or the modern James, wielder of the orchestral *bâton* at Drury Lane. The doubt

* "The greatest singer I know, in every style, is Jenny Lind."

was grounded on more bases than one. The opinion, for instance, which is ascribed synoptically to the above three worthies, is, that "the public, in general, are not bad judges, though not good critics." James Tully must be precisely of this mind. He has large experience of their utter deficiency in the critical faculty, since his enterprise is suffered to proceed—and of their not badness, in the sense of leniency, as judges, for the same reason. Still it is strange company for James—Schiller, and Quintillian—and startling to meet him there, even in a synoptical analysis.

Yours—WEDGE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday *Il Trovatore* was given for the third time, with the ballet as before.

ON Monday—an extra night—*Lucrezia Borgia* was produced, with Madame Albertini as *Lucrezia*, Signor Baucarde as *Gennaro*, and Signor Belletti as *Duke Alfonso*.

Madame Albertini was hardly seen to so much advantage in her second part as in her first. The comparison challenged by *Leonora* was not so formidable as that suggested by *Lucrezia*. Nevertheless, Mad. Albertini occasionally, both in her acting and singing, created an immense sensation. The first song, "Come è bello," was charmingly given, and loudly applauded; and in the *finale* to the prologue (first act) she exhibited real tragic power.

In the trio and duet of the second act—when the poison is administered to *Gennaro*—Madame Albertini was sometimes exaggerated in her acting, and too laboured in her singing. The well-known trio, however, "Guai se ti sfugge un moto," between *Lucrezia*, *Gennaro*, and *Alfonso*, was encored—mainly owing to the *prima donna's* earnestness and fine singing; and the duet, "Infelice, il veneno bevesti," was received with tumultuous applause. At the fall of the curtain on the second act, the three artists were unanimously recalled. Madame Albertini's best performance, nevertheless, was in the last scene of all. She sang the air, "M'odi, ah! m'odi," with genuine feeling, and acted in a highly impressive and natural manner. The final air, "Era desso il mio figlio," was, perhaps, better executed, in some respects, than we ever heard it before. The pace at which the *bravura* passages were taken was surprising, more especially since every note was sung and with faultless intonation. A third call was made for Madame Albertini, who retired amidst enthusiastic applause from the whole house.

Signor Baucarde's *Gennaro* must be noticed simply for the singing. He gave the music with considerable expression, and was encored in an interpolated song in the third act. The Duke Alfonso of Signor Belletti was like the *Gennaro* of the other—the singing was good, the acting *nil*. Mdlle. Rizzi, who has a *mezzo-soprano*, not a *contralto* voice, was somewhat out of her line in Maffeo Orsini. She sang her two songs well, nevertheless, and was encored in the *Brindisi*.

ON Tuesday, Mdlle. Piccolomini again attracted an immense audience in *La Traviata*.

Thursday was a "Long-Thursday"—the first "Long-Thursday" of the season. The performance consisted of the *Barbiere*, with Albani, a *ballet divertissement*, selections from the last act of *Trovatore*, including the "Miserere," and a second *ballet divertissement*. Of this performance it is only necessary to say that Albani sang transcendently, that Madame Albertini was much applauded, and that the house was well filled, notwithstanding it was the "Cup-day" at Ascot.

Yesterday, another extra-extra night, gave us once more *La Traviata*. The house was as crowded as ever.

To-night, Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner makes her first appearance as *Romeo* in Bellini's *I Capuletti ed I Montecchi*.

MDLLE. MOREAU-SAINTI has at length made her *début* as *Cruvelli's* substitute in the *Vépres Siciliennes*, at the grand opera at Paris, with decided success.

M. VIEUXTEMPS is at Frankfurt. He intends passing the summer on the estate which he has purchased in the environs.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *La Favorita* was presented for the second time.

On Tuesday, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with the ballet of *Eva*.

On Thursday night, Mario, for the first time in London, assumed the character of Manrico in Verdi's *Trovatore*,—an opera which, since the departure of Tamberlik for Rio Janeiro, had disappeared from the bills. The part is not strange to Mario, who has played it very often at the Théâtre Italien, in Paris, with great success; and that the French critics had not been partial in their praises was shown on the present occasion; to general satisfaction. The verdict of our neighbours was unanimously accepted, and Manrico pronounced, without a dissentient voice, one of Mario's most highly-finished performances. That he should sing the serenade of the troubadour, behind the scenes, the air in the prison, which forms part of the "Miserere," and all the more expressive passages of the opera to perfection, was not surprising in one whose voice and manner lend themselves so naturally to what is graceful or pathetic. But that which created most sensation (because most unexpected) was the fine burst of energy with which Mario gave the *cabaletta*, "Di quella pira l'orrendo foco," when the supposed son of the Gipsy summons his followers to the rescue of Azucena; and this, too, after having twice delivered the languishing apostrophe to Leonora, "Ah! sì, ben mio," of which it is the sequel, with a depth of sentiment not often surpassed by himself. The "Miserere," with which is intermingled the plaintive song from the tower, "Ah, che la morte ognora," was also encored; and in the two duets of the prison scene, Mario sang with a passion and earnestness that raised the enthusiasm of the audience. In the course of the opera, being more than once re-called, he appeared with the other performers; but at the end, in obedience to a demand so loud and hearty, that it seemed almost heretical in the reserved Lyceum, he came on alone. Success could not possibly have been more complete.

The cast was otherwise the same as before. It should be mentioned that Signor Graziani was, as usual, encored in "Il balen."

ITALIAN OPERA AT THE SURREY.

The introduction of Italian opera and ballet at the Surrey Theatre was a bold stroke on the part of the speculators, more especially at a period of the year when so many out-of-door amusements in the neighbourhood offer counter attractions. The attempt, however, can hardly fail in the end—first, because Italian opera is a novelty at the Surrey; and secondly, because the company is efficient in nearly every respect. The theatre, too, is redeccored, and, in its new aspect, presents an elegant appearance.

Monday was the first night, and *Norma* the opera. There was also a *ballet-divertissement*, supported by Mdle. Agnes, Mdle. Marie, and Miss Rosina Wright. The cast of *Norma* was as follows:—Norma, Mad. Lorini; Adalgisa, Mdle. Sedlatzek; Clotilde, Mad. Heinriek; Flavio, Sig. Monti; Oroveso, Sig. Fortini; Pollio, Sig. Lorini. Mad. Lorini has no small pretensions. She comes from America, moreover, with a reputation. Her acting is energetic; she walks the stage well, and her deportment is dignified. She has a powerful voice, which she manages with skill, and her singing displays considerable dramatic feeling. She was received in the most favourable manner, and made a sensation in various parts of her performance. The audience, however, was more enthusiastic than discriminating.

Signor Lorini made a highly respectable Pollio. He has a good tenor voice, and is a spirited singer. The part of Pollio is an ungrateful one, as all the world knows, and not to fail in it is of itself a success.

Mdle. Sedlatzek sang the music of Adalgisa with grace, and acted the part becomingly. Sig. Fortini gave the sombre music of Oroveso carefully.

After the opera, a loud call was made for Mad. Lorini, who came on, bringing with her Sigs. Lorini and Fortini.

The band, which numbered in its ranks some first-rate players

—among whom were Messrs. Willy, Carrodus, Chipp, and others (who should have figured at Her Majesty's Theatre)—was directed by Mr. Alfred Mellon. The chorus, also, was entitled to praise. It should be mentioned that Sig. Li Caisi is assistant conductor in the absence of Mr. Mellon.

The *ballet-divertissement* was almost as successful as the opera. The scene—prettily painted—discovered sixteen nice looking ladies in blue; then Mdle. Agnes and Marie came on in pink; and then Miss Rosina Wright, in various colours, appeared amidst great applause, which was redoubled when she walked round the stage on her toes. This favourite dancer was encored in a comic polka, *à la paysanne*, and recalled with cheers after the descent of the curtain.

On Thursday, *Lucrezia Borgia* was performed, when Mad. Caradori (the *prima donna* of the late Royal Opera, Drury Lane), who made her first appearance as the Duchess. How she sustains this part is well-known. Orsini was sustained by Mdle. Rüdgersdorff (her first appearance); and M. Cassier appeared as Alphonso. The opera was received with enthusiasm.

TOM NODDY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR, Cork, June 11th, 1856.

Your enlightened friend, Tom Noddy, reminds me of a remark made by an old lady here one time:—

The Distins were playing a very beautiful harmonized air, most charmingly; I was "greedy eared," of course, when my attention was interrupted by hearing the old she-critic exclaim—"Well, I don't like this music; there's no choone (tune) in it." Yours, H. H. C.

MADAME TEDESCO has returned to Paris after her excursion in the South of France. She is engaged at Naples for next season. The *Prophète* is to be her first opera.

ROSSINI has left Paris for Wiesbaden, where the illustrious composer intends to avail himself of the benefits derivable from the mineral waters.

M. JULES STOCKHAUSEN is engaged to replace M. Bussine, barytone, at the Opéra-Comique. The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* adds to this news, that M. Stockhausen will make his *début* after his return from London, "where he has contracted an engagement for one month with the Philharmonic Society." For "one month" read one concert.

BERLIN.—At the Royal Opera-house, Herr Tricke sang last week, for the second time, the part of Sarastro, in the *Zauberflöte*. His voice does not quite qualify him for so weighty a task, but he was, on the whole, tolerably successful. His rendering of the two celebrated airs, "O Isis und Osiris," and "In diesen heiligen Hallen," was more especially commendable. On Saturday, the second act of Meyerbeer's *Feldlager in Schlesien* was performed before the Emperor of Russia and the King. On the entrance of the distinguished visitors, the whole audience rose and remained standing, while the orchestra played the Russian national hymn. The house presented a most brilliant appearance, on account of the number of officers present in their various splendid uniforms.—On Thursday, Krigar's Gesangverein gave a grand performance to a select circle admitted by special invitation. The programme consisted partly of pieces not generally known. Among the more remarkable I may mention, a chorus and solo-quartet from Dr. Spohr's *Fall Babylon*, two *Chorkieder*, by Robert Schumann, and the "Kyrie," "Credo," and "Agnus Dei," from Beethoven's mass in C major. Among the soloists, Mdle. Hoppe deserves praise for her execution of an air: "Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan kum," from a cantata by J. S. Bach. The weather has been very unfavourable, and proved most prejudicial to the Summer Theatre and gardens in the Frederick-Wilhelmstadt.

YORK.—The Choral Society gave their last concert on the 4th, for which the vocalists were Miss Shaw, Messrs. Ashton and Lambert. In the first part we had Handel's *Alexander's Feast*; the second was miscellaneous. Mr. Lambert won great applause in the new song by E. Loder, "Old England is our home," and was equally successful in a duet from the *Barber of Seville*, with Mr. Ashton.

£1,000 REWARD

For the precise signification (in plain English) of the following passage, from the *Morning Post* ("ante"—No. 25,711):—

"But if Signor Verdi owes much to the admirable interpreters of his opera, he does not owe less to the talent of Signor Bonetti, who seems to be a complete master of his orchestra—at the wave of his baton, the instruments play as one, and the harmonious sounds swell with the tumult of laughter and the *fête*, or fade and sigh and break away with the wailing of the *Traviata*—with a precision and a beauty that cannot be too highly praised. Signor Bonetti is perfect in the justness of tone which he gives to his accompaniments. In his hands, Verdi, whom we were accustomed to consider noisy, becomes eloquent, and, indeed, assumes a new character."

Whoever (say Escudier Brothers) will furnish us with a clue to the above (especially to Signor Bonetti's perfection in the "justness of tone" which he gives to the "accompaniments," and to the transformation through the same agency of Signor Verdi's "noise" into "eloquence,") shall receive the reward specified on the forehead of this announcement, with ten guineas more for expenses.

£5 REWARD

For the precise signification (in plain English) of the following passage, from the *Morning Post*, ("ante"—No. 25,714):—

"The music of *La Traviata*, as it becomes more familiar to the audience, seems to grow a little into favour. Such small share as the composer can pretend to in the recent success of his opera must in a great measure be attributed, next to the acting of *Piccolomini*, to the able direction of the band by Signor Bonetti. Verdi's employment of the orchestra is in truth eccentric; but Signor Bonetti has set aside prejudices and traditions, and applied himself faithfully to render the intentions of the composer such as they are. Verdi, as we all know, sacrifices the details of his score, which he has not the heart to elaborate, to the strengthening of that peculiar rhythm and accent on which he depends for his effects, and in the invention of which rests his chief claim to individuality. Comprehending the views of his composer, the director, making the best of the materials at his disposal, has with great tact modified the violence of Verdi's style, whilst he has secured to us the effects intended. He has already proved that he can bring the same perception to bear on the works of other masters; and we doubt if, among the many hits Mr. Lumley has already made this season, there will be one upon which he will have to congratulate himself more than on his choice of conductor of the orchestra."

Whoever (say Green) will furnish us with a clue to the above (especially to the composer's "share" in the success of his opera being attributable to the "acting of *Piccolomini*," and the directing of Bonetti—to the "prejudices and traditions" which Bonetti has "set aside" in order to give "the composer as he is;" and to the attainment of Verdi's "intended effects" by "modifying the violence" of his style), shall receive the reward specified on the forehead of this announcement, with nothing allowed for expenses. Signor Bonetti need not apply.

£50 REWARD

For the precise signification (in plain English) of the following passage, from *The Morning Chronicle* ("ante"—No. 27,913).

"Mr. Bennett's concerto in C minor is worthy of the composer—himself worthy of leading the musicians of England. It is interesting from first to last, and its treatment is replete with exquisite taste and the most refined scholarship. Especial reference being made to the peculiarity of the composer's style, his music should invariably be played, so to speak, in kid gloves. Miss Goddard surpassed our expectations, and obtained an ovation which will, we fear, do much to spoil so young and apparently so confident an artiste."

Whoever (say Francis) will furnish us with a clue to the above (especially to a style of music which "should be invariably played in kid gloves," and to an "ovation" which will "do much to spoil" a young and "confident artist") shall receive the reward specified on the forehead of this announcement.

TRANSLATIONS FROM SCHUMANN.*

(No. 7.)

Continued from page 358.

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S SYMPHONY IN C MAJOR.

THE musician, who visits Vienna for the first time, may, perhaps, be able to amuse himself, for a while, with the festive bustle in the streets, and have, most likely, remained standing in astonishment before the *Stephansturm*; but he will soon be reminded that, not far off, there is a churchyard, more important to him than all the other sights of which the city can boast, and where two of the greatest men who ever exercised his art, repose at a few paces' distance from each other. Many a young musician has, no doubt, like myself, after the first few days spent in noise and bustle, wandered forth to the Währinger churchyard, to lay his offering of flowers upon the two graves, even though it were only a wild rose-bush, such as I found planted on the grave of Beethoven. Franz Schubert's resting-place was unadorned. A fervent wish of my life was fulfilled, and I contemplated for a long time the two sacred graves, almost envying him—a certain Count O'Donnell, if I am not mistaken—who lies between the two. To look a great man in the face, or to grasp his hand, is, perhaps, one of those things which everybody most desires. It had not fallen to my lot to greet, while living, the two artists whom I revered most of all those of modern times, and, therefore, after having visited their graves, I would have given anything to have had near me some one closely related to either of them, especially one of their brothers, I thought. It struck me, on my way home, that Schubert's brother, Ferdinand, whom the composer, as I knew, greatly esteemed, was still living. I quickly sought him out, and, from the bust near Schubert's grave, found he resembled his brother; he was smaller, but strongly built, with honesty and music stamped on his face. He knew me by my veneration for his brother—a veneration I had often publicly expressed—and told and showed me many things, of which, with his permission, a great deal was inserted, some time ago, under the title *Reliquien* in the *Zeitschrift*. At last, he allowed me to see some of the treasures of Franz Schubert's compositions still in his possession. The riches, thus heaped up, made me shudder with pleasure! Where was I to begin—where end! Among other things, he pointed out the scores of several symphonies, many of which have never been heard at all, having, in fact, been thought too difficult, and bombastic, and laid on one side. A person must know Vienna, and the peculiar circumstances attending its concerts, as well as the difficulties there are in assembling the means for more than ordinarily great performances, in order to understand how, in the place where Schubert lived and worked, only his songs, and few or none of his greater instrumental works, are ever heard. Who can say how long the symphony, of which we are now speaking, would have lain in dust and darkness, had I not soon come to an understanding with Ferdinand Schubert, that he should send it to the directors of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, or to the artist who conducts them, and whose sharp glance not even modestly budding beauty, much less beauty so apparent and brilliant, can escape. Thus it came to pass that the business was effected. The symphony was forwarded to Leipzig; it was heard, and understood; it was heard again, and joyously, almost universally, admired. The active firm of Breitkopf and Härtel purchased the copyright of the work, and so it now lies before us in parts, and, perhaps, will soon lie in score, just as, for the profit and pleasure of mankind, we desired.

I say distinctly: whoever does not know this symphony, knows yet but little of Schubert; this may, after what Schubert has already presented to art, appear almost incredible praise. It has so often been said, to the annoyance of composers: "abstain from ideas of symphonies after Beethoven," and it is partly true that, with the exception of some few rare orchestral works of importance, which, however, are more particularly interesting as a means of judging the gradual development of the talent of

* From Robert Schumann's *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker*. Translated for the *Musical World*, by John V. Bridgman.

those who composed them, and have not exercised a decisive influence upon the masses, or the progress of other similar works, most of the rest are only flat reflections of Beethoven's style, for we make no account of those lame and wearisome manufacturers of symphonies, who possessed the power of imitating tolerably well the powder and perukes of Haydn and Mozart, without the head-suitable to them. Berlioz belongs to France, and is only mentioned, now and then, as an interesting foreigner and mad-cap. What I had thought and hoped, that Schubert—who, steady in his forms, and full of fancy and variety, had already exhibited himself in so many other kinds of composition—would also attack the symphony from his point of view, and would hit the place, whence, and through which, the masses were to be reached, has most triumphantly come to pass. Most certainly he never thought of endeavouring to continue Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, but, as an industrious artist, created uninterruptedly from out his own mind, one symphony after another, and that the world is now made acquainted with his seventh, without having viewed his gradual development, and the symphonies preceding the one in question, is, perhaps, the only thing which could cause any regret at its publication, and occasion the work to be misunderstood. Perhaps the bolt will soon be withdrawn from the others; the smallest among them will always possess its importance in relation to Franz Schubert; in fact, the Viennese symphony-copyists need not seek so very far the laurel needed by them, since it lies heaped up sevenfold in Ferdinand Schubert's study, in one of the suburbs of the city. This would be a wreath worth presenting. But it is often thus: when people in Vienna speak, for instance, of ———, they never end in their praise of their Franz Schubert; when they are among themselves, however, neither the one nor the other is reckoned of much importance by them. But, however this may be, let us now revel in the spiritual abundance which gushes out of this precious work. It is true this same Vienna, with its *Stephansturm*, its beautiful women, its public magnificence, and, gilded by the Donau, with innumerable bonds, stretching into the blooming plain, which gradually rises to a higher and higher mountain range—this Vienna, with all its remembrances of the greatest German masters, must be a fruitful soil for the fancy of the musician. Frequently, when contemplating it from the lofty mountains, I have thought how Beethoven's eye must many a time have wandered fitfully towards the distant range of Alps; how Mozart must often have followed dreamily the course of the Donau, which everywhere appears to vanish in bush and forest; and how Father Haydn must also often have looked at the *Stephansturm*, shaking his head the while at such a giddy height.

(To be continued.)

DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent.)—The University of Dublin Choral Society held their last concert for the season on the 6th of June. The programme contained a selection from Mendelssohn's *Antigone*; "Tis on a bank" (part song), John Hullah; "O, lovely peace" (duet), from *Judas*, Händel; "Crabbed age and youth" (glee), Stevens; march, song, and chorus of priests, from *Die Zauberflöte*, Mozart; "Come let us all a Maying go" (madrigal), N. Hubney; "The Hawthorn Tree" (for solo, chorus, and orchestra), R. P. Stewart; "It is not that I love you less" (song), Dr. John Blow; "O, Signore" (chorus of pilgrims), Verdi; "To thee" (song), Müller; "As it fell upon a day" and "There in cool grot" (madrigals), Lord Mornington; "Tis, 'tis a spell" (song), Duggan; "Dance we so gaily" (chorus), Franz Schubert. All went well, and several of the pieces were called for a second time. The glee, part songs, etc., were steadily and carefully sung. Dr. Stewart conducted the concert, which, being the last of the series, was held within the walls of the College, according to custom.

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